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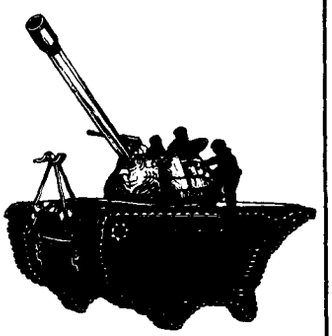
BACK TO MYLAI



HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

DIVORZIO ALL'ITALIANA

THE CASE OF THE IRISH APE

PETER STEINFELS

BRIAN WICKER **DESCHOOLING BRITAIN?**
ED GOEDERT **LETTER FROM BANGLADESH**
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. **FIGURES FROM THE PAST**
JAY P. DOLAN **THE PRIEST IN THE U.S.**
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NEWS & VIEWS

Busy Big Brother

Months ago a friend said it happened to her: a third party sought to reach her by phone, got no ring and no answer at number dialed, but heard plain as day the conversation taking place in friend's house. The phone, she insisted, was firmly on the hook.

I didn't believe—but do now after reading a report by Clyde Wallace, an electronics manufacturer, at a symposium in Washington of the Association of Federal Investigators.

Wallace described a new bugging device which picks up and tapes phone conversations from remote locations. No one need enter a premises to fix the bug to the equipment. It can be attached to a telephone pole, telephone line or cable vault, where it emits a radio frequency wave tripping a standard release in the phone to be bugged.

Even with the phone on the hook, sound waves are picked up and the conversation relayed to waiting tape recorders.

The device is being used by both the FBI and CIA, according to *Parade*.

Challenge on Lobbying

After the National Association of Laity released its Second Annual Report on the Finances of the American Catholic Church, information officer Russell Shaw of the U.S. Catholic Conference commented: "It is impossible to determine how the NAL arrived at a figure of $6 million for school-related lobbying on the part of the church without pretending that I or anyone else knows the precise figure for school-related efforts by the church in the legislative field."

NAL director Joseph O'Donoghue has now written to Shaw pointing out that the law requires "that corporate officials of organizations enjoying tax-exempt status be fully aware of the extent of their lobbying expenditures."

He urged Shaw "to acquire this information" and make it public within 90 days, else he will personally contact the Internal Revenue Service "to determine whether the U.S. Catholic church is acting in violation of the Internal Revenue Law, Section 501."

The deadline: May 25.

O'Donoghue's parting shot: "Your familiarity with NAL's documentation . . . should convince you of the seriousness of this action on our part."

Those New Mail Rates

The *New York Times* suggests it may be time for Congress to take a long look at the law "whereby it converted a failing Post Office Department into an ailing Postal Service."

Triggering the comment: the new postal rate schedule by which second-class mail costs will rise 145 percent over a five-year period.

Magazines move through the mail at second-class rates, and for this reason have fought the new rate, almost without exception. In as many cases as not, concern isn't about less profits; it's for survival. The projected second-class rate could spell doom for scores of magazines of limited means, *Commonweal* included.

The *Times*' worries coincide largely with our own. It fears the new rate will narrow the contribution to public education made by magazines, and diminish "a national forum which the country cannot spare."

"This is especially true of journals of opinion," adds the *Times*, "which are sometimes as seminal in effect as they are small in circulation and low in advertising."

The *Times* reminds that the second-class mailing privilege "was conceived as a public service," and that "historically, it was regarded as the small price that democratic government should pay to stimulate that public discourse without which democratic government can hardly exist."

The *Times*' opinions are especially cogent, since it is not a party of first interest. Daily newspapers will be adversely affected by the rate hike, but only to a degree. Only a small portion of their circulation moves through the mails.

Down Mexico Way

Controversy continues to build around Cuernavaca's outspoken liberal bishop, Sergio Mendez Arceo.

In Mexico City, Bishop Mendez conceded during a TV interview that he was the "go-between" in the ransom of a university dean last November, but denied any direct association with the guerrilla kidnappers.

Several days later he returned from a visit to Cuba, saying that there was "no persecution" of religion there, and also that there is a "Christian realization implicit" in the Cuban experiment—"in the austerity, in the common work, in the certain egalitarianism."

The events caused the influential daily *El Heraldo de Mexico* to blast Bishop Mendez for his "public participation in political issues, the sensationalist image he has created for himself and his insistence on committing himself to leftist movements." The editorial labeled the bishop "an ideological or propagandist fanatic."

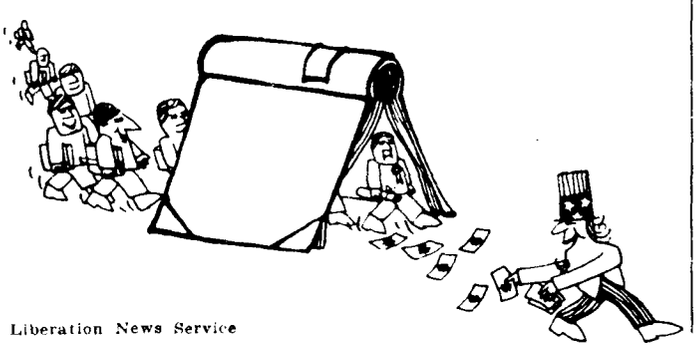
No Cheeeeeeeeez

Picture worth a thousand words . . . Civil rights leader Jesse Jackson as he shook hands with President Nixon at a Washington dinner honoring Presidential adviser Robert Brown:

Odds and Ends

—Environmentalists fear that Sierra Club's problems may be symptomatic of wider trouble: a tapering off of public interest in ecology. Because of a dip in the rate of membership growth and substantial losses in its book division, the Sierra Club is trimming its $3.5 million budget by 24 percent, reducing its nationwide staff from 102 to 85 persons, and canceling a number of projects, such as establishment of a regional office in Boston.

—Mrs. Madeline Anton, American representative of the Plato Institute for Hellenic Studies in Athens, lives in Chelmsford, Mass. . . . at 3 Hemlock Drive, come to think of it. JOHN DEEDY



Liberation News Service

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CORRESPONDENCE

Moon Chapel

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Many thanks for the generous presentation you give *Liturgical Arts* re our 40th anniversary number and the BEA 'dream' underwater chapel, in News & Views of January 28, 1972.

Now I will wait for the avalanche of requests for copies of that issue—though I doubt it will be a big one as such 'dreams' so often fall in a well of indifference! I might be surprised at that!

I can afford the luxury of dreams as I have seen rather extraordinary events in my day. In 1912, when I was an office boy in a large firm of lawyers, on Liberty Street, I met Orville Wright, who had come to the office to consult his attorney. It was up to me to escort him to the office of the big shot. In 1917 I witnessed the birth of the USA Air Force, in France, when I tried my best to join the Lafayette Escadrille but was rejected—I don't recall the reason. Then we had Lindbergh in 1924. If you had seen the *crates* flown by the first Air Force pilots (who, by the way, went to the airport in 'boots and spurs,' if you please) you could realize that then—in 1917—the dream of a 747 was as nutty as the Moon chapel or our BEA underwater chapel.

MAURICE LAVANOUX
Editor, *Liturgical Arts*
521 Fifth Ave.

PS: Take a peek at page 18 of the Jan. Feb. issue of *Holiday* (Shine On, Harvest Moon") re a possible 100 person civilian colony on the moon in 1986.???? M. L.

Campus Technocrats

Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editors: Mr. Lawler's rather sour appraisal of the growing influence of the technocrat in higher education is undoubtedly true [Jan. 14]. As a technocrat, by his definition, I find

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THE CHINA TRIP

By his propensity for overstatement, President Nixon can make even his best moments the butt of ridicule, and he flirted with this danger when he summed up his China visit as "the week we changed the world." Unquestionably Mr. Nixon had given American diplomacy a dramatic new turn, but once again Mr. Nixon seemed carried away by the euphoria of a successful joining of events. For it is a long way and an overly speculative leap from a week's visit and a conscientiously ambiguous communiqué to the conclusion that "generations in the years ahead will look back and thank us for this meeting." Of course that may well be the case, but if it is to happen, it will be for developments that very likely will be only tangentially related to Mr. Nixon's week that was. These developments will not be easily come by, and they will have to involve infinitely more important contacts than the low-level people-to-people exchanges, which is all that can be realistically projected in the early thaw of the icy U.S.-China relationship.

None of this is said to demean Mr. Nixon's China breakthrough. His was a bold move, and the trip itself was a great event. It is deeply ironic that this feat should have been Mr. Nixon's, when one recalls how hard he worked years ago to seal off contacts that he would now formally establish. But credit for the present gain is no less his for that past, and one can only hope that what has begun so promisingly will expand and mature.

Toward this end the Nixon Administration has the solid support of the American people. A Harris survey taken just before President Nixon left for China indicated that 73 percent of Americans approved of the journey. It is doubtful that the results of the trip cost Mr. Nixon any of that percentage. It is only the polarized left, which accuses Mr. Nixon of using the policies of Mao to divide the Marxist world, and the far, far right, which views the Nixon diplomacy as "capitulation," that is unqualifiedly negative about the trip and pessimistic over what will come of it. Not that there is not much to be fearful about. There is the worry, for instance, that Mr. Nixon's opening to the left could ensnare the nation in some fateful realignment of old cold-war policies, just as at the other extreme there is the worry that certain new lures could prompt what some are labeling a "sellout" of old friends and a reneging on solemn responsibilities. But all diplomatic

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initiatives involve risks, and there is nothing to confirm that the risks of a new China policy are any more chancy, any less unmanageable than those which existed in the recent past, and to some extent still do, towards Russia. Certainly there is no reason to conclude, as some already have, that the U.S. has sold out on Taiwan. A close reading of the Shanghai communiqué makes clear enough that the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Taiwan is not linked to any timetable or event; it is spoken of only as an "ultimate objective." Nor is there anything in the communiqué that supersedes the U.S.-Taiwan mutual defense treaty of 1954.

Perhaps it would have placated conservatives and eased the nervousness of many moderates, if Mr. Nixon had returned from China with some token of diplomatic strength; for instance, if he had brought back John T. Downey, the CIA agent who has been held prisoner by the Chinese since 1952. But the Chinese were obviously on guard against gestures that might be imbued with undue significance, a not unwise policy for anyone.

Not surprisingly therefore, it would appear that the Chinese scored the more points in the Peking-Shanghai negotiations. But this is nothing to brood about; diplomacy is much like chess, in that early losses can be strategy all their own. Besides, as the *Washington Post* remarked, it is not unreasonable that the U.S. should pay some price for the excesses of its China policy of the post-World War II years. That price—if price it was—shows no sign of having been inordinate, and is counterbalanced by the fact that China was willing to host and negotiate with the man who also happens to be commander-in-chief of an army warring in a contiguous country. It is impossible to conceive of the reverse happening, if China were at war, say, in Mexico. In the long run, that was concession enough to Mr. Nixon, and in fact may even be the real message of the China events. For what stronger indicator could one ask of China's determination to get along with the wider world?

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A LA IVAN ILLICH

DESCHOOLING BRITAIN?

I've been reading Ivan Illich's *Deschooling Society*, which came out in Britain a few months back, and has caused some discussion in the periodicals and on the radio. Perhaps it is worth reflecting on the implications of Illich's thesis for British education.

Illich sees school as the major factor in creating and preserving the consumer society. Obligatory school forces everyone to submit to an educational treatment which molds them for their passive role as consumers of what those in power decide to provide. By excluding people from teaching unless they have been certified, it inhibits originality, creates unnecessary bureaucracy, and actually produces shortages of the skills most in demand. It constitutes the one approved initiation ritual for society as a whole, through which everyone must pass in order to qualify as a citizen. Worst of all, perhaps, it creates unlimited expectations for more knowledge, wider horizons, more power for the individual over his own life, more social benefits, more affluence, while being unable to satisfy those expectations because of its own inherent inflexibility, its astronomical cost, its inner contradictions. Hence school is the underlying cause of much of the frustration of the poor who, as usual, are systematically discriminated against by school in all sorts of ways. "Any political program of the seventies should be evaluated by this measure: How clearly does it state the need for deschooling?" (p. 75)

As a university lecturer, a parent of school-age children, and husband of a schoolteacher, I feel fairly well qualified to assess Illich's thesis. A great deal of what he says seems to me to be true. From personal observation and experience I would agree with such points as: the innate authoritarianism of many teachers, including those of liberal views; the fact that much learning, especially the learning which seems in retrospect to have been most important, comes either from discussion with peers or from direct contact with an individual "master" dedicated to the subject, not from the school curriculum; that there is discrimination against the poor by the school system however intelligently administered; that frustration results from a bureaucratic legalism and inflexibility that are inevitable in a highly institutionalized system. All these points are commonplace in Britain. Every time I go to a party where parents of school-age children are talking, the conversation always consists of comparing where precisely, the children have got to in the school rat-race—hardly ever what they think, feel, or do outside it, by themselves.

There are some points on which Illich seems to me to go wrong. He makes things too easy for himself by concentrating on "learning how" subjects—learning to read, learning a foreign language, learning how to mend radios or cars—and ignoring "learning what" topics, such as philosophy, physics, or philology. It is simple to imagine a way of deschooling the former, since everyone knows what it is to read, speak Spanish, or mend a car: all the individual needs is to find someone who can teach it to him. But the problem with "learning what" is that until the learner meets an "authority" on the subject he doesn't know what the subject is about. For every genuine philosopher who has had an unschooled education (and there are some) there are a hundred self-opinionated cranks.

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It is hard to see how Illich's scheme will help those who want, or need, to learn things which they don't know anything about until they've started to learn from someone who knows. How are they to find out who knows without some form of "certification"?

It is here, I think, that the British tradition in adult education may be worth mentioning. Most of the universities that are of pre-1945 vintage have what are called "Departments of Extramural Studies." These grew up from the beginning of this century in response to radical demands from "below"—that is, from the organized working class—which happened to touch a sympathetic chord in certain of those "above"—that is, in the minds of some sympathetic university teachers. If *Jude the Obscure* had lived a decade or two later than he did, he would have been able to join the Workers' Educational Association, go to classes organized by the Oxford Department of Extramural Studies, enter Ruskin College as a "mature student" and perhaps—though this is less likely—end up as a bishop. (The chances are he would have ended up as a Trade Union General Secretary.)

The point about these "extramural" departments of universities was that they made available the resources of a university to people with no formal educational "pedigree." If you wanted to learn, say, economics or history or political science all you needed to do was enroll in a class in that subject, held in some convenient center, and you could learn it from a tutor employed and authorized by the university. There was no examination to be passed, no qualification to be gained: the only thing that mattered was the enthusiasm of student and tutor alike for the subject. Furthermore, since many such classes were sponsored by the Workers' Educational Association —a voluntary body independent of both University and Government—you had a democratic say in what sort of subjects would be offered.

I have spoken of this adult education tradition in the past tense: but of course it still goes on. (I am personally engaged in it myself, as a full-time tutor employed by the University of Birmingham to teach anyone in the Midlands who wants to learn the kind of thing I can offer them.) Yet, under the pressures of the times, things have changed. We are under pressure from various sides to do more work that is directly concerned with people's jobs, or work that will gain them qualifications. We are often last in the queue for money when the squeeze is on. Since the war, our clientele has become steadily more middle-class. But the most obvious recent change has come from two new institutions, both directly open to Illich's criticism.

The first is the "Open University." This was Harold Wilson's brain child—he called it the "University of the Air"—and the idea was to use nationwide broadcasting as an educational medium open to all who wanted to make use of it for systematic study at University level. This idea has met with plenty of snags. It is true that, in theory, anyone can enroll as a student of the Open University, and if he is persistent enough, get a degree from it. But in practice, since the number of students for any particular curriculum is limited—by finance, by the number of tutors prepared to engage in correspondence teaching, by the job-market and by various internal criteria of the institution itself—some selection has to be made from applicants. In practice, therefore, the Open University is far from fully "open." In some ways it seems to me to be even more inundated with red tape, more tied-up by rules and regulations, than the traditional universities. It is certainly far less flexible and "open" than the extramural departments of the older universities, though it can, of course, give degrees of its own.

The second new development is the introduction of "local radio." There are now between twelve and twenty local radio stations in Britain, run by the BBC. At one time there were high hopes of their becoming (among other things) educational networks, or "learning webs" (to use Illich's phrase). To some extent they have succeeded: but the fact is that, by and large, the medium has conquered the message. The pressure for gaining an audience, and the threat (now imminent) of commercial radio's competing on the same territory, has forced the BBC to put the educational possibilities of local radio fairly low on its list of priorities. The BBC have not sold out: but the Tory government may force them to.

The above reflections are, of course, only my own opinions. I may come back to some of them on another occasion as I think the whole business of "adult education," miniscule though it is in comparison to the educational output of "school," is of crucial importance in deciding the way things will go. In particular, the extramural departments of universities can, and may, become key factors in the resistance of genuine teachers to the encroachments of the consumer society. I hope so: that is why I am where I am.

BRIAN WICKER

(*Brian Wicker is* Commonweal's *correspondent in Great Britain.*)

NEXT WEEK

NICOLAUS MILLS discusses the facts and myths of school busing:

"... the present crisis over school busing has blinded us to the degree to which busing goes beyond the issue of desegregation. We have, almost willfully, it would seem, neglected to ask ourselves the most basic questions about school busing. What is its history? What is its extent? Who wants it, and who benefits most from it? The answers to these will not, of course, make school busing disappear as a political issue, but they do provide a chance for seeing it in perspective."

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THE CASE OF THE IRISH APE

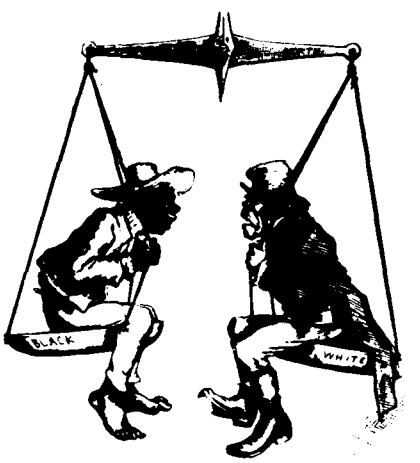
PETER STEINFELS

THE REALIZATION, preposterous as it was, that some people had believed the Irish to be hideously, apishly, ugly first struck me when I was in high school. In the middle of my lavishly illustrated American history text I found, one day, a cartoon by Thomas Nast. What elevated cause of Reform that 19th-century master of the political cartoon was espousing in this particular instance, I no longer recall. I do remember that about the bottom of this cartoon there lurked, there skulked, there snarled, a clutch of grinning, apish faces; and by some leap of the imagination which connected them with the comic Irish caricature known as Jiggs, who with his wife Maggie weekly exhibited their domestic disarray in the Sunday funnies, I realized that these menacing, beast-like creatures were meant to be Irish.

The notion, as I said, was preposterous—to me and I am sure to any of my relatives and friends. (They were, of course, for the most part Irish or, to be more exact. Irish-American.) The measure of what were "Irish" features was rough among us: red hair, uptilted nose, freckles, and sometimes, though not always, a broad facial structure. Maureen O'Sullivan. Dennis Day. Dennis Morgan. Apes? Saul Maloff recently wrote in *Commonweal* how F. Scott Fitzgerald's Hollywood ambitions once led him to take a screen test: "that nose," wrote Maloff, "that profile, those soft Irish good looks." Now *that* is what we thought the Irish looked like!

It wasn't always so, and perhaps in these days of "Black is beautiful" the relationship between popular ideas of a people's looks and their social struggle will seem more than an historical oddity. Thomas Nast was by no means alone. Many of the great Victorian cartoonists were in the habit of portraying the Irishman as an ape: heavily ridged eyebrows, snub nose, protruding upper jaw above a wide mouth usually twisted into a distinctly animal grimace. It is strange, for example, to connect a picture of an "Irish Frankenstein" — hairy simian features, fangs, and in his hand a dagger dripping blood—with what are probably the most familiar of Victorian illustrations, John Tenniel's drawings of a sweet and sensible, if somewhat flurried, young girl and the strange creatures she met in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass. Yet Tenniel no doubt spent more time drawing Irish apes than doing the delightful illustrations for the Alice books. He was, in fact, a pioneer in creating the stereotype; as chief cartoonist for *Punch* from 1864 on, he did more than anyone else to change the Irish cartoon representative from man to beast.

Political cartoonists are not society portrait painters; they never flatter those they wish to criticize; and yet the Irish ape image was not merely a random expression of the pointed pen. It even had its own history. The "wild Irishman" of the Elizabethan period was given regular features. The stereotype Paddy of the first part of the 19th century was a tipsy, stage-Irish peasant. When English political opinion saw fit, he might be portrayed as brutish, sometimes with strongly prognathous looks. But the simianization of Ireland did not triumph till after mid-century when Tenniel led the way. By the 1860's the features an earlier reader might have identified with any undesirable member of the "dangerous classes"—sloping forehead, monkey nose, huge, projecting mouth, and thick jaw—the good Victorian recognized at once as unmistakably the mark of an Irishman. This evolution, or more properly devolution, was simultaneous to the rise of Fenianism, agrarian violence and revolutionary agitation in Ireland. It was not, one need hardly add, entirely a coincidence.



There were other alternatives, however. Irishmen could have been negatively caricatured, with a certain degree of appropriateness and a sufficient amount of nastiness, as *pigs*, the way Russians today are rendered as bears and Chinese as dragons. Actually the Irish were sometimes represented as dragons, usually in conjunction with a British St. George, and repeatedly as Frankenstein's monster. These were stock images sufficient to express what every respectable English citizen knew to be the truth about Irish political agitation. Nonetheless the dragons and Frankenstein's monsters bore ape-like faces. Indeed so did the pigs on the occasions when cartoonist W. Bowcher used them to symbolize Irish crime. Even an octopus had the face of a standard Irish ape when Tenniel drew one to represent the Irish Land League, carefully labeling its tentacles "anarchy," "sedition," "lawlessness," "outrage," "intimidation," "obstruction," "terrorism," and "rebellion."

Of these details in the iconography of oppression I would naturally know nothing, were it not for *Apes and Angels: The Irishman in Victorian Caricature*, a fascinating and fully il-

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BACK TO MYLAI

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

Our national conscience will be haunted until we come to terms with this gory moment in our history.

Mylai is back. America—particularly the Army—apparently had wanted to forget it, just as historians had wanted to forget the Indian wars and the whole pattern of violence in American history until the riots and assassinations of 1968 (the same year as Mylai) forced us into moments of self-questioning and guilt. But Seymour Hersh, who won the Pulitzer Prize for exposing the extent of Lieutenant William L. Calley's crime, seems determined to make Mylai the case that will not die.

In his new book, *Cover-Up* (Random House, $6.95), originally published in *The New Yorker* (Jan. 22, 29, 1972), based on the secret 20,000-page documentary record of the Peers Inquiry, the Army's official investigative board, and his own interviews, Hersh has summoned up the specters of *four hundred* slaughtered civilian Vietnamese. He has transformed them into Shakespearean ghosts who will haunt the national conscience until we come to terms with this gory moment in our history. For, according to Hersh, the crime of Mylai was actually much worse than we were led to believe.

Sometimes the public reaction to a war crime is like the public reaction to a violent suicide: a man in a crowd cranes his neck in anticipation as another man teeters on a fourteenth-story ledge, but he turns his face as the body plummets down—slinking away as if he had never been there. Hersh's book makes clear that there are those who would pretend that America had never been to Mylai. Four years later, almost all of those involved have been let off the hook and the Peers report is still under wraps.

FATHER RAYMOND A. SCHROTH, S.J., *a* Commonweal *editor and Fordham professor, was an artillery officer for two years.*

Some things *are* best forgotten. Are we to be held responsible in this life for *everything*? Are we to send soldiers into morally ambiguous or impossible situations and then put them at the mercy of journalistic Javerts who will hound them like wrathful gods?

Yet, the Hersh account is above mere vengeance journalism. It is first of all another of the now numerous documents, beginning with *In the Name of America* (Clergy and Laymen Concerned, 1968), indicting America for war crimes in Vietnam. Second, it is the personal story of how the highest ranking officers brought on these crimes by their policies or their negligence, then covered them up to protect their own careers. Third, it is a tribute to the human spirit. We were not and are not *all* guilty. Integrity is possible under pressure. A handful of officers and enlisted men were not reduced to cold-blooded killers, helpless automatons or spineless connivers by the practices of the war. They did not adopt the prevalent "everybody-does-it" attitude toward murder, but carried the sorrowful story of the atrocities up through the chain of command—to many deaf ears—to the public and to the President himself. And these men, including perhaps the unnamed government official who leaked the Peers report to Hersh, are major characters in the drama.

The Hersh analysis proceeds on four levels: a recapitulation of what happened in the several hamlets of Son My village early Saturday morning, March 16, 1968; the immediate attempts of the officers involved to either investigate or smooth over the crime; the work of the Peers Inquiry; and the ultimate inability of an institution like the Army, because of its predisposition to protect its own, to investigate and police itself.

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On that morning, under the command of Captain Ernest L. Medina with platoon leader Calley, the men of Charlie Company, Task Force Barker, 11th Brigade, Americal Division, assaulted the hamlet called Mylai 4 in the Province of Quang Ngai. Expecting to find a tough Vietcong battalion, they found women, children and old men cooking breakfast. They killed 347 of them, raping the younger women; they burned the homes, killed the livestock, fouled the water and reported it as a victory over Communism. Meanwhile, a few miles to the south, as the world did not know until recently, the men of Bravo Company, hard-hit and demoralized by booby-traps, strode into the scraggly hamlet of Mykhe 4 and wiped out between 60 and 150 civilians in the same way. Then they spent the next day marching south along the Tra Khuc River burning and blowing up every hamlet along the way.

Hersh concludes that the Mylai event was, in scale, an isolated incident, but that the Mykhe 4 wasting was simply a part of a pattern of relatively small-scale atrocities that have characterized a war where a unit's success and an ambitious officer's rating are determined by the body-count, with no questions asked as to whether the body was a VC or an old woman. For example, to achieve high counts, the 11th Brigade, commanded by Colonel Oran K. Henderson, promised three-day passes to helicopter pilots who brought in military-age males for questioning. The men called the project Operation Body Snatch and amused themselves by running down civilians with their helicopter skids and lassoeing them and dragging them behind 'till they broke their necks. As Episcopal Chaplain Carl E. Creswell told the Peers Inquiry, "I became absolutely convinced that as far as the United States Army was concerned there was no such thing as murder of a Vietnamese civilian. I'm sorry, maybe it's a little bit cynical. I'm sure it is; but that's the way the system works."

In short, murder, rape and arson were common in the far-from-elite Americal Division; and its remote and feared commander, Major General Samuel W. Koster, soon to be superintendent of West Point—like his subordinate Colonel Henderson and task force commander Lt. Colonel Frank A. Barker, Jr.—showed little interest in following up on reported crimes. It wouldn't look good.

The official conspiracy of silence was broken in March 1969 when an ex-GI, Ronald L. Ridenhour, who had heard of the atrocities, wrote letters to the White House, Pentagon, State Department, and twenty-four Congressmen. Lieutenant Calley was indicted in September. Of the twelve men charged with murder, assault, etc., on the same occasion, only Calley was convicted. And even he, in one of the strangest and most disturbing outpourings of misplaced public sentiment which even the President exploited, was soon transformed into a ballad hero. The Peers Inquiry into the Army's handling of the whole affair began in November 1969 and finally recommended that charges be brought against fifteen officers in March 1970. Only one, Colonel Henderson, stood trial—and was acquitted.

But the whole Army had not been cold to Mylai. Chief Warrant Officer Hugh C. Thompson, Jr., hovering over the hamlet during the attack, had swooped down in a rage, ordering his companions to train their machine guns on Calley as he confronted the lieutenant in the midst of his crime. White with anger, Thompson rescued the threatened civilians and, encouraged by Father Creswell, reported the incident to Major Frederick W. Watke who, ironically, was worried about what would happen to *him* if he carried this bad-image news up the line. But he did; and as he did, the higher commanders seemed more troubled by the thought of the Calley-Thompson confrontation than by the unprecedented slaughter of the civilian Vietnamese. (To further complicate matters, two years later, when Watke testified formally before the Peers Inquiry he was accused

of testifying to *further* his career by a Colonel who was himself later accused by "perfect soldier" Lieutenant Colonel Anthony B. Herbert of overlooking the murder and torture of prisoners.) Colonel Barker explained on an index card that the Mylai civilians had been killed by artillery. A substantially accurate National Liberation Front leaflet on the killings was disregarded as propaganda. At each level reports and investigations were ordered, filed and—in most cases—mysteriously lost.

When it was all over the Army had either found the officers (except Calley) and men under criminal charges not-guilty, dismissed charges against officers accused of dereliction of duty for "lack of evidence" or punished them with administrative sanctions like letters of reprimand. Charges against Koster were dismissed because of his "long and honorable record"; but when Representative Samuel S. Stratton (D., N.Y.) complained, the Secretary of the Army stripped Koster of his Distinguished Service medal. The Army had gone through the same charade in punishing its offenders as it had in enforcing its paper-policies against killing civilians. Somehow, when it was all over, the 400

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citizens of Son My were still dead and, if the Army is to be believed, we just can't find out—in spite of the industry and integrity of the Peers Inquiry—who besides Calley killed them. The crime was covered-up; but no one in particular seems responsible!

General Telford Taylor, U.S. Chief Counsel at Nuremberg, covered some of the same ground in his 1970 *Nuremberg and Vietnam: An American Tragedy* (Quadrangle, $1.95) and concluded that the U.S. is guilty of war crimes in Vietnam similar to those committed by Germans in World War II, and that Son My is one of them. In a recent *New York Times* essay inspired by Hersh's disclosures (Feb. 2) he argued that: in view of the fiasco of the Army's failure to convict anyone else, Calley's sentence should be reconsidered; the Peers report should be published; new tribunals should be authorized to try ex-servicemen for service-committed crimes; and a national commission should investigate our enforcement of the laws of war.

Yet, it seems to me, the prosecution and punishment of Calley was not simply an attempt to use a non-West Point officer as a scapegoat for the greater policy-level crimes of responsible superiors all the way up to the Cabinet and President. Nor was it just an attempt to make it appear that Calley was a freak rather than a representative of the whole Army's guilt—although the trial may have had these meanings. Calley, William Styron has written (*New York Times Book Review*, Sept. 12, 1971), was the American Eichmann. "Both of them, the Nazi functionary and the loutish American officer, attempted exculpation of their enormous crimes through insistence that they were merely cogs in a great machine, that they were merely carrying out orders, that the true guilt lay with others. Both of them finally, in their rancid ordinariness, symbolized the historic moment more dramatically than the flamboyant leaders they served." Right now, Calley's incarceration—as comfortable and tentative as the President has made it—is the only sign we have that *anyone* can or will be held responsible for one of the great crimes of our time.

Yet it is true that we hardly have the semblance of justice if our entire guilt is allowed to rest symbolically on one man. Nor does it help to posit an unnamed "power elite" of button-pushers on whom we can blame it all. We have to dig deeper.

Why must these investigations of our conduct of the war be pursued? Because it is essential to our definition of the American character, to our future self-understanding, to the image that the next generation will have of its nation and its fathers—to the faith and hopes of the children who have always asked their dads what they did in the war—and ultimately to the cause of peace and justice itself.

It is significant that much of the current initiative to turn our attention toward war crimes comes from the very young men who witnessed and participated in the crimes. The recent documentary film, *Winter-soldier*, based on the public hearings of the Winter Soldier Investigation conducted last year in Detroit by the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, is certainly the most moving example of this phenomenon. Young men with voices choked and faces streamed with tears faced cameras and a hall filled with their fellow citizens and poured out the butchery they had seen; a child stoned to death, heads cut off, a woman raped and slit up the middle, prisoners thrown from helicopters, all because the men had come to see themselves as animals and the Vietnamese as things. Now the same love of one another that had supported men in battle had brought them together again, as if to a revival meeting, to testify, to confess, to make a desperate humiliating try to save America from itself. The anguish of the group was summed up in an Indian GI who compared the erosion of the American character through violence to the disintegration of the white man-red man treaties: 'When we made treaties long ago, they were for as long as the grass shall grow and as long as the rivers shall flow . . . The way we are going now, some day the grass ain't going to grow and the rivers aren't going to flow."

Justice and History

I realize that the decision to keep discussing Mylai and the other war crimes all depends on how we view history: whether we believe man can give a purposeful pattern to events, redress the balance between moral chaos and order by bringing the Nazi butchers before the tribunal at Nuremberg, or mitigate the holocaust of Nagasaki by rebuilding Japan, or purge our traditional collective acquiescence to violence by mass mourning before the TV screens as the Kennedy funeral train rumbles by. If history is not cumulative and has no direction, and if our collective pasts do not constitute a national self that determines what we can do tomorrow, we can let Mylai go. It is as gone as last summer's bird song. Otherwise, it is no more gone than last night's bad dream.

I realize too that this approach accepts what more radical critics would deny, that the American nation is an organic whole, not unlike a human personality, with deep spiritual resources, the deepest of which is respect—based on humanitarianism and Christian theology—for human rights and the dignity of every individual. If our civilization is still at such a primitive stage that we have no culture, no strong common values—even on the absolute value of human life—and if we are not a nation but a patchwork alliance of ethnic and economic subcultures still scratching for security and power, we had best leave Mylai and all it represents alone. The surgery will not lance a boil

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and release the infection but simply reveal a galloping cancer.

Finally, our response to these investigations depends on our concept of human nature. If, as some would have us believe, man is above all a predatory hairless ape, a happy fascist out of *Straw Dogs* or *Clockwork Orange*, Lieutenant Calley and his companions are no more to be blamed for their behavior than snow is to be blamed for blocking the road. In this view, their response in a situation of barbarism was typical, while Warrant Officer Thompson was an idealistic fool, and Telford Taylor's call for a tribunal is a refusal to accept the fact of human bestiality. If, on the other hand, man is a child of God, flawed by his egoism and incompleteness, but nonetheless graced and free, he is responsible for his major decisions—at least those that concern mass murder—and must be held responsible for them.

It seems to me that chances of Congress' enacting legislation to pursue ex-servicemen implicated in war crimes are zero, and that possibilities of a national commission investigating our conduct of the war are slim. Yet, there are ways in which we can bring the nation around to facing the enormity of our war guilt. This can and must be done without witch-hunting, without a McCarthyism of the left, without the spirit of vindictiveness and recrimination, but through a national heightening of consciousness, through education, in the spirit of the Winter Soldiers who in this crisis did not shrink from the service of their country—when the crisis called for penance.

It would help to have a President of Lincoln's compassion, Wilson's idealism, Roosevelt's eloquence, and Adlai Stevenson's intellectual honesty. Most likely we will not. Whoever it is, his first function here should be to accustom the American people, for the first time, to accepting the fact that the nation has gone off course. Overcome by its sudden experience of power, it has been carried away by a distorted notion of Manifest Destiny to the point that it lost sight of its respect for human life and its belief in the brotherhood of man. Then we should enact legislation that would offset our militaristic values: amnesty; recognition of selective conscientious objection; democratization of the armed forces and an end to all training practices that brutalize trainees.

Perhaps the main responsibility will fall to those institutions which traditionally have been the custodians of the nation's values: the churches, the universities and the media. We already have plays and movies trying to grapple, often clumsily, with the moral problem of Vietnam—*Commune, Sticks and Bones, Brothers, Indians, The Visitors*—but this should be an immediate question for the liturgical artists, preachers and poets, the scholarly associations, the research institutes like the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions and the new Institute on Society, Ethics and Life Sciences, the high school and college classrooms, and what is left of the independent press—particularly those newspapers who published the Pentagon Papers. Above all it is a task for those writers, priests and teachers who can confront us all with our own shared sinfulness without robbing us of our shared dignity. After all, the only way we can free ourselves from the ghosts of Mylai is to humbly face them—trusting that they will face us too from their new life with compassion.

PAUL LUCHESSA

HOTEL DES INVALIDES

Toy soldiers show how Borodino was.
Waterloo did not, will not happen
Here, where bibelots of dead campaigns
Like butterflies lie preserved in glass:
Buckles, boots, flaking croix de guerre;
Plumed helmets of Imperial Guardsmen,
Tempered to last the millennium.

On the wall, a sunburst of pistols
And swords—firewheel of sculpted steel;
Arms wrought with love to which death was
The perishable appendage,
An afterthought —MORT POUR LA FRANCE;
A list of names, read in monotone;
Each name forgotten, each soldier unknown.

Our weapons eschew tracery.
We moderns know war is ugly stuff.
Your jet is all function, unsublimated;
Human targets miss its phallic sleekness.
Napalm is jelly that scorches flesh.
Our dead come home wrapped in plastic,
Stench-proof, throw-away, most hygienic.

Here, the little corporal's cracked hat,
The tiny redingote of grey wool;
Not the coat in David's painting,
Nor Plato's coat, Body surviving Soul;
But the soul itself, weaved by a dead body;
That coat he wore, crouched in his sled,
Russia behind him, and all his dead.

Napoleon does not serve, like stuffed,
Mounted Lenin, as his own ikon.
They sealed seven-fold his ravaged corpse
In a lorry load of red porphyry,
Ringed by his victories—Austerlitz, Iéna, Wagram . . .
All but Moscow forgotten spots,
But pretty names for squares and subway stops.

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DIVORZIO ALL'ITALIANA

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

Sooner or later a popular referendum seems inevitable.

Divorzio all'italiana (Divorce Italian Style) was a very funny movie of the early sixties, in which Marcello Mastroianni played a lazy Sicilian nobleman who gets tired of his wife and stages a "crime of honor," thereby increasing immensely his popularity and social standing on the island. Since December 1970 even in Italy such drastic measures are no longer needed, for a large majority of the Italian parliament approved a divorce law which opened easier and less archaic ways out of the marriage bond.

Naturally, before that date murder was not the only solution to marriage problems, but almost all others were just as illegal. The only legal way to break up an existing marriage was by having it declared nonexistent by an ecclesiastical court, whose exclusive competence in the matter was explicitly stated by Italian law since the 1929 Concordat with the Holy See. Article 34 of the Concordat reads: "The Italian state, wishing to restore to the marriage institution, which is the foundation of the family, a dignity conforming to the Catholic traditions, grants civil effects to the sacrament of matrimony, ruled by canon law." In causes of nullity and dispensations the only competent authority is the church, which in its turn "consents" to leave causes of personal separation (by which the partners are dispensed from the duty of cohabitation, but retain all other duties of married life) to the civil judge.

From this arrangement resulted not only a mounting chaos of illegal unions, illegitimate children, etc., but also other serious consequences, both to the state and to the church. In the first place, the Italian republic, in many respects a modern state with a modern Constitution, has declared from the outset that "Church and State are, each in its own order, independent and sovereign" (art. 7 of the Constitution).Yet, in a field which all modern states consider as belonging to their own order, it subjects its citizens to a law and to law courts other than its own, thus severely limiting its own sovereignty. Moreover (again contradicting the Constitution), it discriminates against a considerable portion of its citizens. Those who marry civilly, as well as religiously, but outside the Catholic church, cannot go to an ecclesiastical court, and therefore have no possibility of divorcing.

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR *is* Commonweal*'s Rome correspondent.*

But the church itself, which still so hotly defends the previous arrangement, might have much to gain by accepting the new law. Diocesan marriage courts and the Sacred Rota itself had practically lowered themselves to the function of ordinary divorce courts for Italian citizens. Many annulments were in reality divorces by mutual consent, with a few formalities (read: lies) thrown in to satisfy the demands of an incomprehenisble system. Occasionally somebody would apply for a reversal of the annulment sentence, because the evidence had been false. Like all belated scruples, such requests could only cause embarrassment, and some conjecture that the Sacred Rota is one place where there is more joy about the 99 sinners who do not repent than about the one who does.

Such was the situation left by the fascist regime, and for twenty-five years it was kept untouched. In 1949 Pope Pius XII told a convention of Catholic magistrates: "Thank God, your task is here considerably lightened by the fact that in Italy divorce . . . has no right of citizenship." Yet, two years earlier the Constituent Assembly had suppressed the word "indissoluble" in the article about marriage, and behind their apparent certainty the Pope's words sounded a warning to the government that the Vatican meant to stick to its own interpretation of the Concordat (which also did not mention "indissolubility," though it had figured in one early draft). The Christian Democratic (DC) majority had no wish to offend its most powerful ally, and two divorce bills (1954 and 1958), presented by Socialist representatives, were never discussed. But when the third bill was presented, again by a Socialist, Doris Fortuna (1965), much had changed in Italy and in the church. The Socialists had joined the government and could not be expected to let their proposal be dropped again without discussion. They could also count on the votes of all other so-called "lay," i.e., non-confessional, parties, while the DC found itself in the unwelcome company of the neofascist Social Movement (MSI).

Since the death of Pius XII the Vatican had loosened its grip on Italian politics, though not as much as Pope John had desired: "to the Vatican, Italy will be like the Philippines: a country with a Catholic majority, and nothing more" (a situation which to many Italians, politicians and clerics alike, sounds like Utopia). The Vatican Council had taken a critical view of the relations

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between the church and secular powers, and, above all, had issued its document on freedom of conscience. The time seemed ripe for a new look at the divorce question.

Public Debate

Despite these favorable circumstances, several years passed without a decision. The bill went its slow way through various parliamentary committees, but at the end of the legislature (1968) it had not yet reached the stage of public debate. After the elections the Socialists told their DC partners they were not willing to continue the center-left coalition unless they received a formal promise that the question would be settled within the next term. After long hesitations and at least one secret intervention by the Vatican, Prime Minister Mariano Rumor came up with a compromise. The government would propose the bill for discussion without taking a stand of its own, and it would accept the outcome of the parliamentary debate. This automatically meant that the bill sooner or later would pass, and Secretary of State Cardinal Villot gave a formal diplomatic warning that the Vatican would consider the introduction of divorce a unilateral breach of the Concordat. This was denied by the parliament, which argued that the Italian state by giving civil recognition to church marriages had never intended to give up its own jurisdiction in favor of a foreign power. Finally, on December 1, 1970, the law passed. It was the first major defeat of the Christian Democratic party and of the Vatican since the beginning of the Italian Republic; from Sydney, Australia, where he was visiting at the time, Pope Paul expressed his "deep sorrow."

This seemed the end of the affair, but it was not. While the parliamentary debate was carried on, a much hotter discussion had been raging outside. The church threw its whole organization into the battle: parishes, schools, associations and convents became centers of opposition to the new law. Pope Paul revived the almost defunct Catholic Action, and the bishops' conference uttered warning upon warning against the attack upon the most cherished Catholic traditions of the nation. In response, the Divorce League, the driving force behind the law, grew more and more extreme in its anticlericalism, and celebrated the final approval as a victory over the obscurantist clerical forces.

One contention of the opponents was that the majority in parliament did not represent the will of the Italian people and in an early stage they proposed a referendum by which (they assured) the law would be abrogated. No sooner was the law approved, than a special committee started to collect the 500,000 signatures necessary for the request of a referendum. Within a few months they had more than 600,000; at this moment all other formalities have been fulfilled, and a referendum on the subject

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at some time in the future seems inevitable.

There were two possibilities if a referendum was to be avoided this year: one, dissolution of parliament and new elections; the other, approval of a new divorce law which would automatically rule out a referendum regarding the present one. The former has now taken place, and the divorce referendum is automatically postponed until 1973. Whenever it is eventually held, none of the Italian parties (except the MSI) likes the idea of a referendum. The violent tone of the discussion shows that it would mean an anachronistic revival of earlier battles between clericals and anticlericals. The DC, after many years of alliance with the non-confessional parties, has not the slightest wish to risk another war of religion; but on the other hand it cannot afford to disregard its own membership, Catholic Action and the bishops, who (with the silent approval of the Vatican) invoke a headlong clash with "irreligion." The other parties, behind the ostensible wish to avoid divisions on other than political grounds, seem to hide a secret worry that their opponents may be right and that their law may be defeated.

Outcome Unpredictable

If the referendum is held next year, one cannot predict the outcome. It is clear that there are other than religious factors involved. The Anti-Divorce Committee carefully avoids religious arguments; it refers to family conditions in countries, such as the U.S., France and, of course, Sweden, where divorce already exists, and it does not disdain frequent appeals to sociological prejudices, such as the sense of inferiority of a large (but probably diminishing) number of Italian women.

But in the last twenty years Italy has rapidly changed from a prevalently rural and agricultural nation into an urban industrial society. Many of the archaic family customs which survived (with the complicity of the church, though they had little to do with Christianity) are dying out, and recent opinion polls show a change in reactions to the possibility of divorce. Furthermore, a growing number of Catholics are aware that in the constant struggle between clericals and anticlericals (which in one form or another goes back to the Middle Ages) it is not their religion which is at stake, but political power. They are no longer so convinced that religious tenets should be enforced (and imposed upon others) by state law.

On the other hand, the bishops find themselves in an oddly assorted company of old "integralist" Catholics, fascists and other reactionaries, who for centuries have used ecclesiastical power in order to increase their own. It was this same company, represented by Mussolini and the Pope, which 43 years ago decided, over the heads of the Italians, that theirs was a Catholic nation. If the referendum is to bring any clarity, it is surely not on the question whether this is true, but whether the Italians still want somebody else to decide it for them.

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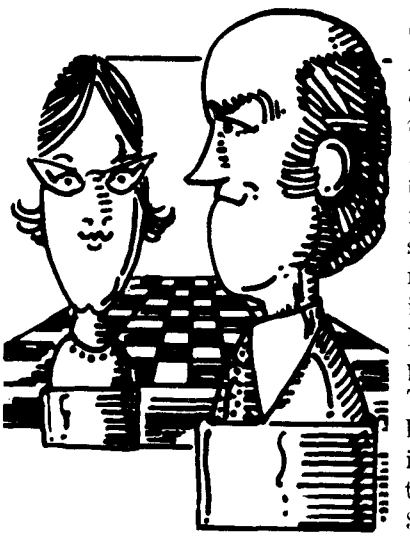

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Early in 1964 my brother Dick, a priest of Holy Cross, was murdered during Hindu-Moslem riots by a small gang of youths. I remember thinking at the time how much crueler life is in Asia, but then, during that same year, a young priest was murdered a few miles from where I was living in California, also by a gang of young people. Inevitably, however, my heart and my attention have been drawn to events in Pakistan ever since . . . When I was in the little seminary at Notre Dame, during my high school years, many of us were encouraged to adopt one of the missionaries in Pakistan and write letters to him. At various times, as I recall, I wrote to Father Ed Goedert, at "P. O. Nagari," and later I knew of Father Bill Evans. The huge storm which hit Pakistan last year, and then the incredible bloodshed of this past year have not filled me with outrage. As usual, it has made me numbly, quietly marvel at the evil and tragedy of human life. Does it never stop? Is it endless?

Partly because Father Goedert is an older man, conservative, seasoned, the following letter, forwarded to me by mutual friends at Notre Dame and hereby reprinted with permission, made a deep impression upon me. It is one thing to be in awe of the tragedy of human life, and another to find oneself, against one's will, a partner to disaster. I do not believe either in the politics or in the moral vision of the Berrigans, and yet I believe that documents like this must come into the hands of American Catholics, be read in pulpits, and become slowly the agents of a deep change in the consciousness of ordinary Americans: a sense of America's capacity for evil and immorality, a sense that ours is not, after all, "a new world," "a new paradise," but just as ambiguous, just as evil, as the old world ever was.

MICHAEL NOVAK

Letter From Bangladesh

'My party loyalty stops at murder.'

Dacca, Bangladesh

Dear .....:

All I got for Christmas was my life—a gift from Mrs. Gandhi. We endured eight months of terror while the nations of the world did nothing. Finally India came to our aid. You may question her motives but this war has saved millions of lives; and one of them was mine. For eight months the West Pakistan Army carried out a program of extermination. With orders *to loot and burn and rape and kill until they had* destroyed forever the courage of the Bengali people. This savagery was not against a rebel army, but against the unarmed men, women and children of Bengal. I was in the middle of it. I saw them die; women and children deliberately shot by the most savage and cowardly army in modern times. I saw their homes put to the torch. I saw thousands fleeing in terror. In our instant hospital for bullet wounds only, I watched a 5-year-old boy take a month to die, in pain and in fear. Every time a gun went off, he whimpered, "Mummy, will they shoot me again? Please, mummy, don't let them shoot me again." And this is the brutality that, incredibly, the U.S. government supported. Father Bill Evans was brutally murdered by the Pak Army. We hoped the U.S. government would protest strongly; but he was just one more of a million human sacrifices offered on the pagan altar of State Department policy.

I'm still a Republican, but my party loyalty stops at murder. Nixon is a National Disgrace. He put America on the side of savagery. Yahya Khan terrorized and murdered millions; yet Nixon supported him, and even allowed the shipment of military supplies to help in the slaughter. The question is not whether Nixon should be re-elected in 1972, but whether he should be tried for complicity in mass murder in 1971. Through malice or thorough stupidity, this man's hands are bloody. He used the prestige of his office to help a murderer, degrading the presidency as no man before him has done. When India intervened to stop the slaughter, he tried to block her in the UN. The UN resolution demanding *a ceasefire without doing anything to stop the massacre* of Bengali civilians by the Pak Army was reversion to barbarism. In effect it gave tacit approval to the slaughter of a million people, and told India to withdraw and let the slaughter go on. Had India listened, the Pak Army would have been freed to continue the extermination of the Bengali people. And I would be dead along with my people.

What a mockery Vietnam is now. American boys died to save Vietnam from the Communist camp. Now, with incredible stupidity, Nixon has forced 75 million Bengalis into that same camp; he has pushed 500 million Indians into the Russian camp. And he has even put West Pakistan more firmly on China's side. Alger Hiss was labeled a traitor. I doubt that Hiss did near as much harm to the U.S. as did the diplomania of Nixon and his advisors.

Our agony isn't over yet. If the past is unbelievable, the present is unbearable and the future uncertain. Our people's homes are destroyed; they are hungry; they are mourning their dead. They need massive help. But at least we no longer live in terror of the Pak Army. And the kids will be fleeing and screaming and dying, only in their sleep. (REV.) ED GOEDERT

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THE SCREEN

Like children, the great personages of history should be seen and not heard—and even then, seen only at a respectful distance. Unless a film biography is trying to ridicule its subject, which neither *Mary, Queen of Scots* nor *Eagle in a Cage* is trying to do, it is almost impossible to deal with great historical figures successfully. John Ford made a film about Mary—*Mary of Scotland*—thirty-five years ago. It had at least as much going for it as the new version: a Maxwell Anderson script, Hepburn as Mary, etc. But it was pretty weak tea too.

The only significant way in which the new film differs from the old is that Mary is not again an unerringly strong-willed, decisive Ford heroine. Aside from that the two films are equally tedious. There is something diffuse about Mary's life, something that defies dramatization. Her life had too many ups and downs. She was, at least as Vanessa Redgrave plays her in the new film, the original bosom from which hope springs eternal. Her relationship with Elizabeth (Glenda Jackson), was an uninterrupted series of thwartings and setbacks, but she had a capacity, which becomes cloying on the screen, to look for a bright side after every disaster.

The last film done by Charles Jarrott, *Mary's* director, was *Anne of the Thousand Days*. Jarrott shows all the flair of a hack scholar eking out his own little corner of history. In a scene in which the film departs from history to have Mary and Elizabeth meet, Jarrott and scriptwriter John Hall seem to have used Ford's film as their primary source. Such dazzling research seems typical of Jarrott's effort. Assuming he has relied on Ford's film as his historical authority, one might conclude Jarrott isn't even aware that Mary and Elizabeth never did meet.

The most attractive thing about reviewing Fiedler Cook's *Eagle in a Cage* is that it is an excuse to mention Abel Gance's *Bonaparte and the Revolution*. The latter, which was de Gaulle's favorite film, was originally released in 1927 but has been added to over the years. Although its running time is almost five hours, it is a boundlessly energetic and inventive film. Its monumental ambitiousness suggests that Gance fancied himself a Napoleon of the French cinema. The film was originally planned as only a first of three films on the emperor's life, but in a way Gance may have been fortunate not to have had a chance to complete his epic. The film he has made deals only with Napoleon's struggle to survive during the Reign of Terror and his rise to prominence as a military commander. Napoleon is not yet a Great Man: Gance's film isn't weighed down by the onus of proving that he is.

Eagle in a Cage tries to portray Napoleon at the opposite end of his career, when he is a prisoner on St. Helena. But far from imparting to the figure of Napoleon enough stature to be the arch hero/villain of history, this film makes him into a cuckoo in a cage. The difficulty is seen as soon as Napoleon appears on screen in the person of actor Kenneth Haigh. Haigh has the misfortune to look like a runty Rod Steiger, and the misjudgment to emphasize this by drawing down the corners of his mouth in a characteristic Steiger grimace. As Steiger himself recently bungled playing Napoleon in a film called *Waterloo,* Haigh looks like the same man appropriately shrunken, cut down to size, by his recent defeat in battle.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

L. H. BUTRICK

JULIA AT TWELVE O'CLOCK

It's a bird it's a plane it's Julia
up and away in my hands
  banking and diving
swung on my arms ascending
for a strafing run at the cat

It's the laughing that gets me
  no terror
in these flights of my fat little airship
what faith she has in these hands
not to question the charred wrecks
dotting the airstrip's edge
mostly burned beyond recognition but surely
  things that once flew

ROBERT L. SKRAINKA

ROMANCE, WINTER EXPOSURE

How far one leans to match flame: yet
With negatives returned, uncertainty
Turns to images the camera's ratchet
Couldn't catch to frame. Now, we
Who can't unsay each thought by letter,
Know sunstruck poses can't be fed
Through such mechanical reels. We're better
Off in scenes that flash ahead
In time. Those skeletal trees now black
Prove nothing of the shutter held,
Won't bring the eye's perspective back.
The lake stays frosted from our view,
Uncomposed as snow drifting on our tracks,
Now blank as loss we knew.

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BOOKS

American priests and a Teilhardian maxim

The Catholic Priest in the United States: Historical Investigations

ED. JOHN TRACY ELLIS

The Liturgical Press, $6.95

JAY P. DOLAN

In the introduction to this historical study of the priest commissioned by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, John Tracy Ellis quotes the telling words of Teilhard de Chardin—"everything is the sum of the past and nothing is comprehensible except through its history." In the case of the priest in the U. S. this is certainly true. If one wants to know how he arrived at his present condition, he should read this study and not the sociological or psychological reports on the priesthood. The conclusions are unsettling, but they do help to explain the turmoil taking place within the priesthood. Such change is more comprehensible in the light of history; simply stated, the priests of the seventies are rejecting the priesthood of the past.

A basic reason for this rejection is the cultural shift taking place in the U. S. However one describes it—as future shock, post-industrial age or technological revolution — the social landscape of America is changing. Caught up in this transformation is the centuries-old tradition of the Catholic priesthood. Rooted in the past it is attempting to step into the fuure. Some priests make the passage haltingly while others proceed with less caution and varying degrees of haste. A remnant are not even aware that the future is challenging their prieshood.

The rejection of the priesthood of the past has occurred in different ways. Scores of men have simply abandoned the ministry and entered other professions. According to the sociological study sponsored by the American hierarchy, the most frequently mentioned reason for leaving the priesthood is the desire to marry. Yet, often underlying this motive is the more fundamental experience of frustration in living as a priest in the present structure of the church. Radicalized by the idealism of the gospel and working in an organization that frequently compromises this idealism, the priest eventually faces a critical decision about his future. For many the solution is to leave. Others have adopted another form of rejection. They have chosen to remain priests, but search out new styles of ministry. Some live on the periphery of the church and engage in such secular work as teaching, counseling, politics or administration in government and private organizations. The priesthood is still part of their life, but they are marginally identified with the "official" organization. A less recognizable rejection of the priesthood involves those men who remain rooted in the mainstream of the church. As parish priests they resemble their predecessors, but their search for new types of parochial ministry, different forms of community life and change in parish structures separates them from the priesthood of the past.

While most priests are grappling with the challenge of the future, some priests have successfully insulated themselves from the cultural transformation taking place around them; they do not feel the need for something new in their priesthood. For them the present as well as the future is only a repetition of the past.

Age is not the distinguishing mark of the old and new priesthood. The development of the individual's self-consciousness, conditioned by his own personal experiences, is the decisive factor. Nor is the appearance of new forms of ministry something new in American Catholicism. What is unique, however, is the widespread rejection of the priesthood of the past and the diversity of ministries emerging in its place. After reading this historical study of the priesthood we can understand why many men are discarding the priesthood of their predecessors.

In his essay Msgr. Ellis focuses on seminary education. "The single greatest weakness in Catholic seminary education," he writes, "is the wanton dissipation of the church's limited resources in a proliferation of small and feeble institutions." This weakness appeared early in the nineteenth century and has endured to the present day. Priests left these seminaries with an unbalanced formation. The development of piety overshadowed intellectual formation with the result that priests were cut off from the mainstream of American intellectual culture. Msgr. Michael Gannon confirms this analysis in his essay on the intellectual isolation of the American priest. He convincingly presents the reasons for what he describes as "the estrangement, if not hostility" that existed between the clergy and the intellectual community.

Both Ellis and Gannon view the scare of Modernism in the early twentieth century as a turning point in seminary education. A modest flowering of clerical culture took place between 1900-1907, but the Modernist purge halted its development. The following decades of clerical education were intellectually sterile.

Despite this atmosphere some progress in the study of scripture, liturgy and theology took place, and the current renaissance of thought can trace its beginnings back to the 1930's and 40's. Small and feeble seminaries continue to endure, however, and many priests and bishops today are the products of such institutions; their textbooks gave them no answers to questions no longer being asked and they cannot rely on their seminary education as the cornerstone of their intellectual life.

The study by Father Robert Trisco

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examines "the successive efforts of bishops and priests to alter the laws and customs regulating their reciprocal relations." After extensive research Trisco concludes that "the chief characteristic of the relations between bishops and priests in the nineteenth century was mutual distrust and even hostility." That is a harsh judgment from a mild-mannered historian. Yet, it does explain the historical roots of the current distrust between priests and bishops. The problem of authority in the local church, the election of bishops and judicial process for priests have been concerns in American Catholicism for many years; they still remain unsuccessfully resolved. The frustration of grappling with these issues have led many priests to adopt an indifferent attitude to the dictates of authority. This is quite a change from earlier days when, as Gannon shows, priests were trained in an authoritarian style reminiscent of West Point.

In his essay on the relationship between diocesan and religious clergy Father John Marschall reinforces some of Trisco's conclusions. He found the same exaggerated use of episcopal authority and noted that this generally resulted in conflicts between the bishop and the religious clergy. Marschall's study treats a neglected area of American Catholicism with scholarly objectivity and it is interesting reading.

The last essay, written by David O'Brien of Holy Cross, is on the priest and social action. In developing this theme O'Brien shows that despite the intellectual wasteland of the early twentieth century, social action priests did make an impact on church and society. The radical priests today, however, are asking different questions than their predecessors. They are not searching for the form of social action appropriate to the priest, but for the form of action meaningful for the Christian man. "In that sense," he writes, "they are truly radical for they are grappling with the very roots of our contemporary situation." Since his topic has been the one most written about, O'Brien travels over a well-worn path; he offers little that is new and leaves out many recent developments. Yet, his perceptive analysis provides a fresh and new approach to a theme as ancient as the beatitudes.

The most significant essays in this study are those of Gannon and Trisco. Although Trisco's narrative tends to bog down in too detailed description, his conclusions are well-founded and hard-hitting. By tracing the historical roots of the problem of authority in Amercan Catholicism he makes the current debate more comprehensible. Gannon's study gives perspective to the current intellectual renaissance among priests. In explaining the intellectual attitudes of the past his essay illustrates the striking differences between the priest of the seventies and his predecessors. The study of Ellis blends in well with Gannon's and it is done in the competent style that has distinguished his work for many years.

One major criticism of this work is its narrow approach. The relations between bishops and priest and religious and diocesan clergy are internal, ecclesiastical affairs that come off as family quarrels. There is little analysis of how the structure of the church fostered such mutual distrust. Is the structure of the church and the exercise of authority so tightly arranged that it encourages such often bitter struggles? If such is the case, can the spirit of collegiality pierce this structure? Isn't it like putting new wine in old wineskins? After reading this book one has learned a lot about priests and bishops, but very little about how the clergy related to the people and the world around them. Some insights come through in the essays of Gannon and O'Brien, but the narrow focus on the priest limits it. It is more of an institutional history than social history, and the questions it answers are just not that critical today. The historian views the past in the light of the present; the concerns of the seventies do not center on the institution, but on the religion of the people living in and around the institution. Community life is far more important than family quarrels.

What the study does, however, it does well. The price of the book is unusually low and it merits reading by bishops, priests and laity. With striking honesty it portrays the blemishes as well as the beauty marks of the priesthood. It provides sound historical footing for the other studies done on the priesthood; the problem of authority illuminated by the research of Fathers Greeley and Kennedy is now more understandable in light of this work. In explaining the priesthood of the past this study also illustrates the extent of change that has taken place in the priesthood today. In doing this it demonstrates that nothing is comprehensible except through its history.

Death and the Mines: Rebellion and Murder in the UMW

BRIT HUME

Grossman, $7.95

ROBERT CASSIDY

It has been more than three years since a series of explosions rocked Consolidation Coal's No. 9 mine at Farmington, W.Va., killing 78 men. If the tragic events of that day had a greater purpose than to remind us of the uncertainty of our term on earth, it was to retrain the nation's eye on a region and a people to whom great promises had been made and few kept. As the reporters and public officials ventured back to the coal fields, they saw immediately that the crumbling shacks, like the miners' bent and torn bodies, were still part of Appalachia, symbolic of the poverty, subservience, and destitution of the men and their families. A young Senator from Massachusetts had promised better things in his successful Presidential primary campaign in 1960, and his successor vowed nothing short of total war on poverty to help the people of the mountains. Somehow all this got lost in the nation's concentration on Vietnam. It took a cataclysm like Farmington—a ready-made package for the network television crews, and one which every smalltown editor could recognize as newsworthy—to remind Americans that men still mined coal underground, and

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died in appalling numbers while doing it.

One of those who trekked to Farmington was Brit Hume, a young reporter who was then a fellow at the Washington, D.C., Journalism Center. Hume, whose investigative skills are now evident in the Washington Merry Go Round column of Jack Anderson, was not satisfied with the facile explanation of Gov. Hulett Smith that coal mining "is a hazardous business and what has occurred here is one of the hazards of mining." Nor was he pleased when these remarks were echoed by William Anthony (Tony) Boyle, the president of the United Mine Workers of America and the successor to labor's patriarch, John L. Lewis. "As long as we mine coal, there is always this inherent danger," Boyle told reporters. Like many others, Hume wanted to know why a nation which could put men in space had a worse mine safety record than Poland.

His book, *Death and the Mines*, tells why. It catalogs the events immediately preceding Farmington to the aftermath of the murders of Joseph A. Yablonski, who unsuccessfully challenged Boyle for the union presidency, and Yablonski's wife and daughter a year later. In the process Hume uncovers a tale of chicanery at the highest levels of what was once the most militant union in America; inertia by federal officials who were warned that Yablonski was being dealt dirty, and might even be in danger of being killed; and conspiracy between the union and the big coal operators.

The period between the November, 1968 blast and the Yablonski murders on New Year's Eve, 1969, was a remarkable one in labor history. Miners in West Virginia and Pennsylvania, enraged by the frivolous attitude of their union leaders and legislators, formed an ad hoc movement (which later became the grassroots support for Yablonski's campaign, and, after his death, for the reformist Miners for Democracy) to force health and safety legislation. In West Virginia, thousands of miners walked off the job, forcing the state legislature to pass a black lung compensation bill in the waning moments of the legislative session.

But it was Yablonski's challenge that provided the dramatic ingredient. The abuses of the union leadership under Boyle's tutelage are only now being resolved in the courts, but it became apparent during the campaign that much had gone sour in the UMW since John L. had retired. As the court suits have confirmed, the union entered into agreements to restrict trade with the small companies, which the union hierarchy and the large operators saw as a threat to the stability of the industry. The union's bank, the National Bank of Washington, stored millions of dollars of hard-earned pension funds in non-interest-bearing checking accounts instead of investing them for the miners. The UMW Welfare and Retirement Fund was almost busted when Boyle tricked another fund trustee into voting for a whopping pension increase to get the votes of retired miners. Boyle refused to grant "autonomy" to the vast majority of districts which the union prevented from holding local elections, despite federal laws to the contrary. Investigations are still underway concerning the possible use of union funds to promote Boyle's re-election. Finally, the U.S. Labor Department's refusal to investigate the election may have cost Yablonski the union presidency, not to mention his life.

The fault of the book—a peccadillo, really—is that it too often reads like a Merry Go Round column. Apparently the sins of Jack Anderson have fallen on Hume, whose creative brush is limited to black and white when painting his subjects. The column's cornball style is bearable at a thousand words, but it becomes tedious when spread throughout Hume's book. The good guys all seem to be Ralph Nader types (including Ralph Nader), while the finks all come off as only slightly better than carrion crows. Hume fails to give a grey-tone explanation of Yablonski's conversion to the reform movement (he had been a member of the union's international executive board, and a "loyal to Boyle" one at that), nor does he tell us (as Kenneth W. Clawson has noted) what Ralph Nader was doing in fostering a challenge to a major labor union—an effort which Nader later, for reasons insufficiently explained in the book, dropped.

But it is counterproductive to chip away at Hume's technique, for so solid a job of investigative reporting survives the occasional miscues of style, and builds a case that invites fury. If it does not make you rage, you have a heart of coal.

Christian Ethics and the Community

JAMES M. GUSTAFSON

Pilgrim Press, $7.95

ROGER L. SHINN

James Gustafson, in a widely quoted interview last year, expressed disappointment in the church as a moral guide for our times. Serious moral discussion, he said, requires an "interdisciplinary approach to complex social, political, medical and technological problems." The church, however, meets moral anxiety by "oversimplifying issues" and indulging in "cheap moral rhetoric."

This book, although not explicitly a criticism of the church, shows the grounds for the complaint. It is a collection of essays, originally prepared for various occasions between 1965 and 1970. In all of them Gustafson reveals a sensitive and subtle mind, determined to push moral discourse to deeper levels than it usually goes.

Gustafson sees ethics as an intellectual discipline aiming to get beyond dogmatism, prejudice, and cliché. He examines human experience and commitments, exposes hidden assumptions, voices silenced questions. He is less concerned with telling people what is good and bad than with asking them how they have come to their moral judgments. He is unabashedly Christian and theological, but in no narrow sense, since he frequently shows the importance of science and philosophy for moral investigation.

He does not dazzle. He searches, ex-

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plores, and probes. He says, in one way or another, "if you believe such, you will behave thus"; or, "if you act that way, you imply that you believe this way." He meets brash moral assertions with a "yes, but . . ." or with a query, "did you take into account . . .?" Although he is very much his own man, he is clearly indebted to his teacher, H. Richard Niebuhr. Like Niebuhr, he believes that, since it is never possible to say everything, it is important to say what is being neglected in any situation or ethos.

Obviously Gustafson is not a patron of the "act now, think later" clubs that have flourished in recent years. He has too many questions that will trouble them if they stop to listen. The other side of the story is that they may have questions to trouble him. Does a society in perpetual crisis have leisure for the reflective process to which Gustafson is committed? Must a church, for example, never throw its weight into a struggle against war or poverty until it has cleared up all its theological, ethical, and technical presuppositions?

Gustafson is aware of the problem. "Perhaps," he writes, "it is fortunate that St. Paul was not tutored in the fine distinctions that professors of ethics have learned to make!" Perhaps, I may paraphrase, it is fortunate that church assemblies do not have all the inhibitions of scholars when they address issues of militarism, economic injustice, racial strife, and the agonies of the cities. Granted, church bodies produce an astounding bulk of pronouncements based on minimal deliberation. Possibly it is better that they do what they can to put moral issues on the conscience of their members and society than that they keep silence. What they might learn from Gustafson is to rouse the human conscience without subjecting it to conclusions insufficiently examined.

The genius and the limitation of Protestant Christian ethics in America, Gustafson believes, is its preoccupation with practical morality. The neglect of attention to the grounds of this morality in theology, scripture, and philosophy has been a serious omission. The activist may wonder why such attention is necessary. He sees himself as so busy putting out fires that he cannot waste time theorizing about combustion. Here, I think, I must side with Gustafson. The time when fires are epidemic is exactly the time to understand combustion.

Consider, as an example of contemporary moral confusion, people who condemn Mao Tse-tung's executions of his enemies *because* killing is wicked, but remain indifferent to American bombings in Indochina. Or consider, conversely, those who condemn the bombings *because* they destroy life, but excuse revolutionary violence. In both cases the advocate does not really believe the reason he offers. His inconsistency at least verges on hypocrisy.

An honest answer might come from those—rather few in number—who morally reject all killing. Or it might come from those—many more in number—who reject some killings and justify others. But the latter position, if it is to be moral, must clarify what it is that justifies killing, and that requires a profound moral inquiry. Without some such inquiry moral argument is conducted in bad faith.

Gustafson's style of doing ethics can contribute immensely to the moral controversies of our era. To the extent that it is not a popular style, it is the more needed. Gustafson does not ask perfect consistency in moral thinking; he is skeptical of "rationally closed and consistent 'systems' of Christian ethics." But he does seek for greater clarity and understanding, for an ethic that is not simply propaganda, for illumination and criticism of the beliefs on which people claim to act.

Professor Gustafson has recently moved his base of operations from the Yale Divinity School to Yale University. If this means a wider impact for his thinking, I am glad. I hope it does not mean a lessened impact upon the church and its ministry.

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Henry James: The Master: 1901-1916

LEON EDEL

J. B. Lippincott Co., $12.95

JOSEPH WIESENFARTH

The Master is sprinkled with fine moments amid a rain of dull ones as Leon Edel takes Henry James from the beginning of the twentieth century to the end of his life in 1916. This concluding volume of a five-part biography is too long to sustain interest, too warped by a "high selectivity" to be believable overall, and too negligent of scholarship on James not to be short-sighted. Its merits spring from Edel's access to documents unavailable to anyone else and from his complete sympathy with James. Despite his finding Henry both neurotic and homoerotic, no Boswell loved his Johnson more. Certainly it is no accident that James for Edel is repeatedly "Johnsonian."

The Master takes us through the novels of the major phase—*The Ambassadors, The Wings of the Dove, The Golden Bowl*—and through "The Beast in the Jungle," *The American Scene*, and "The Jolly Corner"; through three tender male friendships: sculptor Henrik Andersen, socialite Jocelyn Persse, and novelist Hugh Walpole, and through three secretaries with whom James "dictated to the typewriter." It treats briefly James's relation to Conrad, Ford, and Crane. It presents in detail his friendship with Edith Wharton, his preparation of the New York Edition of his works, and his distinguished declining years: his seventieth birthday, his service to the Great War's wounded and dispossessed, his taking British citizenship and receiving the Order of Merit. *The Master* dramatizes a James who works himself free of sibling rivalry and emotional confusion to the pinnacle of his achievement as artist and to recognition as the Master.

The volume is organized into six books, each of which covers a specified chronological period. The arrangement of material within each book however is impressionistic, not chronological. Edel writes a preface in the Jamesian manner to educate the reader and forestall the critic. It suggests that what he has done with "the retrospective method" in the art of biography should be recognized by all as the real right thing.

The Master is admirably illustrated with photographs, portraits, and line-drawings. Beerbohm's conception of James and Conrad "conversing at an afternoon party" is Max at his best. A caricature of "A Henry James Sentence" which shows James standing in the place of Holman Hunt's Lady of Shallot is a rare treasure; it is placed with four other caricatures which show James looking as grim and squat as Charlie Brown on a bad day. Coburn's photographs from the New York Edition are carefully chosen to show how well he and James collaborated on the frontispieces for the collected works. Ellen Emmet's recovered sketch for a portrait of James and Sargent's "Henry James at Seventy" stand at the beginning and end of the volume.

The presence of the Master is also felt throughout in the ubiquitous rumble of James and the flash of his wit. James' drinking cook and butler, the Smiths, are to him a "queer mixture of alcohol and perfection." New York for the Master is a "loose nosegay of architectural flowers" and its cafés "the torture rooms of the living idiom." His elegant biography of the fifth-rate artist William Wetmore Story, he remarks, chronicled "small beer with the effect of opening champagne." James' denial in his sixtieth year of any involvement in a love affair with Emilie Grigsby is signed, "Always your hopelessly celibate even though sexagenarian Henry."

Edel has captured the cadence and brilliance of James in many quotations and given us the picture of a kindly Napoleon of the novel conquering the imaginative territory in his pathway. But Edel has also failed in the high task he set himself. The book has long dull stretches that treat in detail minor events and that give summaries of all works discussed. The section on *The American Scene*, especially, is excessively long in its chronicling of James' trip across the country and its lengthy repetition of the contents of his book. Edel's retrospective method serves to order his material to climaxes that are the product of his unrelenting psychological interpretation of James' life and fiction. Andersen thus becomes the artist version of the young James in Book One, and Persse the socialite version in Book Two. Hugh Walpole becomes their successor in Book Five. *The Ambassadors* is made to show James "struggling with visions of a powerful, controlling yet beneficent mother—and other authority figures of his childhood and youth." *The Golden Bowl* shows James "able at last to set free the young female adolescent imprisoned within his spirit and his imagination." It consequently becomes his greatest novel. The ghost of Constance Fenimore Woolson, who in a previous volume Edel established as James's one great chance for love, appears again and again to provide a source for a character or help in an interpretation. Even James' choice of twenty-three volumes for his collected works is laid in part to psychological causes: "We might speculate about the significance of the combination of 2 and 3—and we might recognize that James had always been the 'third person' in his relations with his mother and his brother; and then his Aunt Kate was the third person in a combination with his parents."

Edel argues for the need of psychological interpretation in literary biography—for the need of a "comprehensive truth" to give life to "mere fact." But *The Master* reveals once again that Edel's comprehensive truth is too narrowly psychological not to be reductive.

In a deservedly memorable peroration, Edel writes of James: "The secret of his enduring fame was a simple one: he had dealt with the myth of civilization; he had written about men and women in their struggle to control their emotions and passions within the forms and manners of society; he understood human motive and behavior and was

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the first of the modern psychological novelists. He had carried his art into a high complexity and he had endured because he had fashioned a style. Long ago he had said that a style is a writer's passport to posterity. He had issued such a passport to himself."

It is precisely this kind of insight that gives the lie to Edel's "comprehensive truth." Something beyond neurosis produces the many facets of a great artist and something beyond indentification of sources produces valuable criticism. Edel has systematically neglected the best scholarship on James in writing his biography. There is indeed something eccentric about a book on this late period that never once mentions F. O. Matthiessen and his small classic, *The Major Phase*. To shun the direction given by others and to take one's own path is a sure way to miss the richness of a writer as varied and prolific as Henry James.

What readers of *The Master* now await is Edel's edition of James' letters and related documents. In light of them each will then be able to decide on how definitive a biography Edel has written. Suffice it to say at the moment that Leon Edel's forty years of reading and studying James have made *The Master*, in spite of its shortcomings, indispensable.

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Steinfels (Cont.)

lustrated study published about a year ago by the Smithsonian Institution Press. The author, L. Perry Curtis, Jr., traces the origins of the ape image back to one of those perennial efforts of "science" to rationalize inequality and hierarchy among races. In this case the science was physiognomy, the linking of character and temperament with external features, a body of lore reaching back to Aristotle and finding its devotees in every age among those who believe that the face never lies, the eyes are windows to the soul, etc., etc. Let us skip lightly over the giants of this field such as Johann Kaspar Lavater (1741-1801); the distinguished naturalist Johann Blumenbach (1752-1840); the student of the nervous system, Sir Charles Bell (1774-1842); and James C. Prichard (1786-1848), as well as over lesser lights like the two American ear-fetishists who wrote *Otyognomy, Or the External Ear as an Index to Character* (1900) or the learned Englishman George Jabet who gave us *Nasology: Or, Hints Towards a Classification of Noses* as well as *Notes on Noses*. Some of this literature was sober and some silly and perhaps it is always too easy to chuckle at the science of the past. Yet even the silly, maybe especially the silly, was widely followed during the last century.

A very minor volume in this genre, *Physiognomy Illustrated*, went through nine editions in America; Curtis mentions it only in a footnote, pointing out that the last chapter is entitled "Perfection of Character," under which heading there appears a portrait of Dr. Joseph Sims, "the author of this book." The whole thing spilled over into craniology, phrenology, criminology, and most importantly anthropology; and from these treatises sprouted a veritable forest of "trees" representing the races of man, at the very top of which inevitably bloomed the Victorian Europeans.

How the Irish fared by this science is revealed in a paper read before the Anthropological Society of London in 1865 by Daniel Mackintosh, a geologist who noted head shapes as well as hillocks in his tours of the countryside. Curtis quotes his description of the "Gaelic type":

> Bulging forward of lower part of face—most extreme in upper jaw. Chin more or less retreating . . . (in Ireland the chin is often absent). Retreating forehead. Large mouth and thick lips. Great distance between nose and mouth. Nose short, upturned, frequently concave, with yawning nostrils.

To this "Gaelic type" Mackintosh assigned the expected mental traits:

> Quick in perception, but deficient in depth of reasoning power; headstrong and excitable; tendency to oppose; strong in love and hate . . . extremely social, with a propensity for crowding together . . . deficient in application to deep study, but possessed of great concentration in monotonous or purely mechanical occupations, such as hop-picking, reaping, weaving, etc.; want of prudence and foresight. . . .

In other words, has a good sense of rhythm, likes watermelon, and so on.

For caricature, however, the pivotal figure in Curtis' account is the 18th-century Dutch savant Pieter Camper who studied the skulls of monkeys, orangutans, Negroes, Kalmucks and Europeans, as well as Greek and Roman busts; and then ranked them on a scale of intelligence and civilization according to a facial angle running from the forehead to the front teeth. Thus the association of prognathism and receding foreheads with primitivism or simian bestiality. Curtis is much taken with applying Camper's angle to the faces, English and Irish, in Victorian cartoons, even digressing to take the measurements of famous illustrations of Sherlock Holmes and Superboy. This seems a little like playing at the physiognomists' own games. The short and long of it, the slope and bulge of

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ft, was simply that the cartoon-Irish looked more like orangutans than Greek busts. And once the publications of Charles Darwin set off what *Punch* called "the gorilla controversy," the whole business was entangled in new webs of scientific speculation. If many Victorians were upset at their rumored closeness to the primates, they could, as Curtis says, derive "some temporary relief by treating the Irish and other lesser breeds" as an "evolutionary cordon sanitaire."

As with most pseudo-science which strikes a responsive chord in the public imagination, there was a grain of truth to these caricatures. Curtis reproduces some photos of Irish rebels and countryfolk showing a fair number of heavy eyebrow ridges and protruding jaws. But not everyone happened to choose these particular features as *the* mark of an Irishman. The "realistic" draughtsmen for journals like the *Illustrated London News* did not people their crowd scenes reporting Irish events with ape-like Paddies. And then there were the Irish caricaturists themselves, working in Dublin, whose "Pats" all did have those "soft Irish good looks" of F. Scott Fitzgerald. They also were completely aware of the English cartoonists' tricks, which they mocked in cartoons like the one in which the figure of Mr. Punch introduces "Tenniel's Irishman" —a ferocious ape-man, naturally—to a handsome, skeptical Irishman who comments that such monsters might be found in Whitechapel but not in Ireland.

There is one theme in this story which Curtis notes but never emphasizes, although it appears in his very first paragraph when he quotes a Belgian essayist who noted, in 1880, that England's largest newspapers "allow no occasion to escape them of treating the Irish as an inferior race—as a kind of white Negroes." Later on, Curtis describes the "Index of Nigrescence" contrived by the important Victorian anthropologist Dr. John Beddoe who discovered a category of "Africanoid Celts" in Wales and Ireland.

The theme is clearer yet in the American cartoons attacking Irish-Americans, which provide some of the cruelest examples of all of the ape caricature. Cartoons like Thomas Nast's attack in *Harper's Weekly* (the "Journal of Civilization") on "The Ignorant Vote" matched a simianized emancipated slave with a simianized Irish immigrant. A cartoon in *Puck* entitled "The King of A-Shantee" plays on the African word *Ashanti* to make the link between blacks and the ape-like Irish shanty dweller. Finally, Curtis refers to an item which passed for humor in *Punch* during 1862. It explained that the "missing link" between the Gorilla and the Negro could be found "in some of the lower districts of London and Liverpool by adventurous explorers. It comes from Ireland . . . the lowest species of the Irish Yahoo. When conversing with its kind it talks a sort of gibberish. It is, moreover, a climbing animal, and may be seen ascending a ladder laden with a hod of bricks. . . . The somewhat superior ability of the Irish Yahoo to utter articulate sounds, may suffice to prove that it is a development, and not, as some imagine, a degeneration of the Gorilla."

So racism is no less indivisible than freedom. One realizes how much the English failure to decolonize Ireland was linked with their contemporaneous venture in colonizing Africa. Too many Victorians, it seems, conceived themselves as dutiful zookeepers. One realizes how directly the persecution and exploitation of Irish immigrants in America was linked with the enslavement of blacks and the oppression of the emancipated slaves.

Unfortunately, I can remember too many Irish-Americans, who would have been stupefied to know that their great-grandfathers were imagined as apes and the "missing links," but who spouted the same sort of physiognomical and evolutionary nonsense about black Americans. There are some good grounds to believe such absurdities are finished forever. At any rate, this week, when Irish eyes and hearts are, respectively, smiling and gay, the Curious Case of the Irish Ape might be worth a few moments' reflection.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 27)

many criticisms he makes of the methods and techniques to the point and accurate. Having worked in higher education for 20 years and trying repeatedly, but unsuccessfully, to be considered by my campus colleagues an "educator," I readily admit to being beyond the pale of academic acceptance. I have ceased to worry about it.

Actually, the kind of fund raising development program Mr. Lawler so deplores began at Harvard shortly after World War I. It has been used successfully at nearly every prestigious institution of higher education in America. The fact that these techniques have failed at times to save some of the less well-known institutions doesn't necessarily mean that all such programs are bad.

I'd be the first to admit fund raising technocrats have many imperfections. However, the use of professional jargon seems especially repugnant to Mr. Lawler. Unfortunately, consultants and others use a jargon in much the same pedantic manner that academicians drop Latin phraseology and quotations from obscure poets into their writings. Turgid writing seems to have no class distinction.

While admitting our techniques and verbiage are dated, hopefully we are improving our methods. Some of these, undoubtedly, will be repugnant to Mr. Lawler, but then a university staff does have a compelling way to make known its desire for an annual increase in salary and to accomplish that not so small task, the technocrat may on occasion have to stoop to the less genteel language of the marketplace.

Actually, the two most common faults of technocrats, as compared to

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the true believers and honest folk, is usually, but not always 1) that they have failed to accomplish the research degree and 2) that they are overly concerned about money. Should we plead guilty at this point, bow our heads reverently and leave the august body of academicians to handle the real learning process without dirtying the atmosphere with crass talk about money? We could, but that wouldn't make the problems go away or keep the university alive.

Many things have caused growth of the administrative function in education. Such mundane (and I suppose dirty) items as faculty salaries, paid on time and in accordance with government regulations, plus all the variety of fringe benefits demanded by those whose main academic concern is a quiet place to counsel with minority groups in scholarly discourse. And, of course, a subsidized journal in which to publish very important ideas and articles.

Mr. Lawler's concern about minorities reminds me of my youngest son, age 19, who thinks he first discovered civil rights. Minorities are on campus today in strength because the students themselves, white and black, and the Federal Government forced the issue with faculty admission committees and not because any academic body, that I'm aware of, sought out or recruited them. Significantly, after this did happen, all concerned were happy to turn over to a technocrat the problem of finding the money to afford this humane gesture.

I too sorrow at the demise of *The Kenyon Review*, but I note that the trustees of Kenyon College didn't kill it. They simply refused, under a hard set of priorities imposed by the laws of economics and common sense, to subsidize it. Why didn't the academic community subsidize and publish it out of its own largesse, since it is primarily the one to read it and use it?

As a technocrat and fund raiser, I too dream of the real grove academe populated by scholars alone; i.e., faculty and students. I can see it now, a serene place where there are no problems of housing, parking, buildings and grounds, salaries, unions, affirmative action suits, irate parents and alumni, athletic programs and unhappy coaches, parietals, just to mention a few items that the technocrats handle in any given day.

On one point, Mr. Lawler misses the mark widely in my opinion. Most of the technocrats I know would welcome educational reforms, such as the three-year B.A., the four-year M.A. In fact, I believe that the technocrats are responsible for the mere discussion of these ideas. In my limited experience, it has always been solid opposition from the disciplines that blocked any reform of education into more logical patterns.

Mr. Lawler hangs his hat on the old peg that only the 'academically formed' can administer. It is precisely that peg that has dropped higher education from its almost sacred place in the esteem of Americans to the level of a commodity which they may or may not desire on any given day depending on what appears in the common print.

That the American university has lost this prestige says something perhaps about the academically formed administration. Now that it has to be "sold" to find money to meet the cost of instruction can hardly be blamed on the late arrived technocrats. Had this prestige been preserved, technocrats might never have been called to the rescue.

Obviously, the grove academe doesn't exist today and it probably never did. It is doubtful that it will come in the future by the dubious technique of uninformed attack on people who are at least trying to preserve the system which works for some people some of the time. Private higher education needs all the help it can get. The fact that it has to be "sold" to its "supporting constituencies" says something about the need for reform. Most of the technocrats I know are waiting for some academic leadership in this area.

RICHARD N. MASON
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